

Title: Rooster Cogburn Story

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The name is one of strength, a true warrior and a Champion. But I guess I had better start at the beginning of how he came to be. Back in those days I was a greedy tamer. Taking all I

wanted and never given a thought as to where it came from or the lives I had destroyed to gain my purse full of gold. Until that fateful day, that is. It started out as a regular day like so many

before. I got up early to get a good spot for the dragon spawn. My trusted pets no longer needed the command to attack and guard me, as they knew their place. One by one the huge red and brown

dragons would spawn only to be cut down quickly by my trained killers. About midday the spawn had slowed a bit, given me time to take a small break in the back of the dungeon room. I opened

my pack and removed a flask with some "elixir" to knock the dampness from my bones. There beside me, spawned a magnificent golden dragon. It turned its head towards me and asked, "What evil has my

race caused you that makes you slaughter us?" But before I could utter

a response, my pets
attacked it. I called them
off but it was too late.
She was all but gone. I
ran up to her and knelt

beside her to ask what
she meant. Her breath
going ragged, her heart
beating slower. She raised
her head and muttered
some words in
Dragon that I did not
understand. Lights flashed

like lighting thunder
echoed throughout the
cave then a glowing orb
appeared in her claws. In
her final breath she
told me that she had put
a curse on me and the
only way to free myself

from it was to care for
and raise her un-hatched
kin. Her head fell to the
dungeon floor with a
thump as her claws
opened up slightly and the
glowing orb rolled out. I
sat and stared at it, not

knowing what I should do.
After some time I
gathered the orb in my
pack and decided to head
back to town, to ask the
local wizard for some
advice.
At the edge of town,

high on a hill was the
eerie home of our local
mage. Most of the
towns' people were afraid
of the old man. I only
recall seeing him out of
that old house once or
twice in my whole life. I

walked up the stone
walkway to the door,
lightly knocked. The door
flew open with a wild
haired man shouting, "Who
dare disturbs me?" I
would have run out of

there in a flash, had my

feet remembered to move.
I stuttered and
stammered searching my
mind for the words to
tell him what I needed.
He stood there looking at
me like i was a two-toed
monkey at the circus. I

simply pulled the glowing
orb from my pack and
held it for him to see.
Now it was his turn to
be shocked. He quickly
covered my hands and
near drug me inside his
house. With a quick slam

of the door and a flick
of the lock he swished
around back at me. I
didn't know whether to
be scared or relish in his
own state of chaos. He
took my hands in his and
slowly opened them to

look
once more at the orb. He
asked if I knew what I
had and I relayed the
whole days events leading
up to me arriving at his
door. He told me I should
not to take the dragons

curse lightly. I needed to
be very careful, to do
just as she had asked.
To raise and care for
this draglett. And most
importantly we needed to
disguise him so he
wouldn't be hunted by

the many hunters, just
like myself. I would need
to train it to be aware
that humans would try to
kill him. The wizard
started rummaging
through the many books
piled in a heap on a big

wooden table. Digging and
throwing he finally found

what he was looking for.
In a rolled up parchment,
he began to unroll and
chant the ancient words
written upon it. It had
been a spell of

protection. He rummaged
some more and found one
that would ensure that
the beast within the orb
would bond with me upon
it entry into this world.
As it was cast upon us.
Now he rummaged through

vials and canisters full of
things I did not recognize.
He started mixing and
grinding these things all
together and heating them
over a small flame. Green
stuff, black stuff and
some stuff I can't

describe, all thrown into
the mixture. He stirred
and stirred at the
mixture till he said it
was done and poured it
on the orb. He told me
that this potion would
make the beast within

appear to everyone as a
normal farm animal and
that only we would see it
for what it really was.
He explained how to care
for orb till it hatched
then sent me on my way.
Whisked out the door.

I took the orb home and
did as the old mage had
told me. Each day I would
watch the orb, studying
it, hoping to see
something change. Each
day was the same. I
began to wonder if the

mage had damaged the
orb with all his spells and
concoctions that he had
put on it that day. I
began to think that I
would fall victim to the

curse the dying dragon
had put upon me.

Peep. Faint, but it was defiantly a peep. I gathered the orb up in my hands gently and listened closer. Silence. I thought maybe I had imagined it.*peep* there it was again. This time I

knew it was for real. The orb began to shake in my hands. Then with a flash like lighting, the orb vanished and a little draglette appeared in its place. Golden, just like his parent. I call it he,

but I know nothing of dragons, whether there is a difference or not...so I will go on calling it he. I need to take him to the mage, to see what I should do next. I gathered him up in a little box and

out the door we went.
Sneaking around like I had just robbed the bank I avoided all the people on the streets. In and out of the alleys I crept. as I neared the door to the mages house, his maid

was coming out, on her way to do some shopping. She looked down and seen the little box I was carrying and asked what I had. I hadn't noticed but the little bugger had chewed a small hole in

the corner of the box and stuck his head through. as I tried to turn it away from her she seen it. I was waiting to the scream that would follow. But she just said she hoped this little

chicken was not gonna be

part of one of the
mages experiments, and to
have a nice day as she
walked on. "A chicken..
Rooster...Rooster Cogburn
The name just fit
him.

Each day we would work
on his skills. Little by
little they grew, as did
our bond. I began taking
him to dungeons, to fight
the big stuff. We would
enter the dungeon only to
be laugh at by the upper

crust trainers. But I was
proud of him and all he
had became. Onward we
marched, deeper into the
dungeon. As the dark
deamons would spawn,
Rooster would flog onto
them killing them quickly.

A aid or two and he was
waitingto dispatch the
next deamon back to the
Hell that had spawned
it.

The years have passed so
fast since that time. Our
adventurous days are

behind us now. We both
long for the easier life.
So maybe we will hit the
Chicken fight circuit. It
would be easy money and
be home with a hot meal
and soft cot each
night.

So if you see a crazy
tamer in a tough dungeon
with a chicken in toe.
Dont be afraid to say
Hi. We will share the
spawn and welcome the
company.